Wheat and Corn Growing.

It is not often the statement is made that the largest production of crops is not neccessarily the most profitable; in fact, the tendency is to urge high farming by thorough cultivation and by the free use of fertilizers, without carefully considering the relations between the cost of such high farming and the value of the crop obtained. Prof. Jordan, of the Pennsylvania State College, recently said in regard to the question, "How can the production of cereal crops be economically increased?" that the profits coming from increased production rapidly decrease or stop when that increase reaches a certain moderate number. "The maximum crop that is profitable will vary with soil and locality. The area of farm land in Pennsylvania that can be made to yield profitably more than thirty-five bushels of wheat to the acre is very limited in most localities. Every bushel above that yield will cost in time and fertilizers more than its value. It is unbusiness-like to strain every point for a large crop when a smaller one will bring greater profit."

During nineteen years the reported wheat yield of Pennsylvania has never exceeded sixteen bushels per acre, and has often fallen far below that. The average cost of production, as reported, was $27.11 per acre for wheat and $22.39 for corn, but these figures, Prof. Jordan thinks, are too high. On the college farm carefully kept accounts showed an average cost or $11.20 for wheat and $10.19 for corn production. Adding interest and taxes would bring these figures up to $18 and $17 per acre respectively. A crop of less than eighteen bushels of wheat or of thirty-five bushels of shelled corn per acre would not balance this outlay. Considering these two crops by themselves, and not as part of a system of rotation, they are produced at a loss.

While he does not intimate that "a little farm well tilled" may be more profitable, under some circumstances, Prof. Jordan sees that there are grave objections to the solution offered by many authorities of the problem of growing grain profitably. "If a farmer can cultivate the many acres in a slipshod way only, and can find paying employment for his working force when not engaged at home, he had better reduce his area of tilled land and let a portion lie idle rather than cultivate it at a loss. But he can not always convert the time of his men and teams into cash, and, in such case, it would be better to get small pay for tilling the large area. Small areas well tilled are more suitable to the farmer who depends almost entirely on hired labor.

"The grave objection to this solution is that with small areas the possibilities of business successes in agriculture are limited. The possible profits on ten acres are twice as great as the profits from five acres under similar conditions. Agriculture offers no exception to the general rule that a small business pays small gross profits. "A little farm well tilled" is not a sound maxim for grain farmers. They need to work their farms harder for an increase of production on increasing areas. His land and buildings are the farmer's fixed capital. His stock, machinery and the money used in his business are his floating capital, and this last is often too small when compared with the first. If it be objected that many famers own their farms, and that is about all, the answer must be that their lack of capital is just as fatal to the highest success in farming as it is in other business. Large income only comes from the investment of large capital.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Infants' Outfits.

There is very little change in the style of making infants' outfits. Formerly a mother dressed her babe in pure white and that of the finest and sheerest quality, until it was at least four or five years of age. Now a child of two years has dresses of a warmer texture, such as cashmere, merino, etc., and into these a touch of color is often introduced, which makes the little one look more comfortable, while little ones wear flannels, cashmeres and merinos in all colors. Infants' dresses are made of nainsook and linen lawn, with tucks, and trimmed with lace and embroidery, and have sleeves. The robe style of making in ants' dresses is not so popular as formerly. They are now more often trimmed above the hem a the lower edge with embroidery, insertion, tucks, puffs or lace. The skirts, which are gathered to the yokes, are long and very full. The newest cloaks for infants are of white surah, in Mother Hubbard style, with yokes of the finest embroidery and cuffs to match. The long, loose cloaks are usually made of white or light-colored cashmere and are trimmed with embroidery. There are other handsome cloaks made of ottoman and brocaded silk. For summer they are usually pique, either plain or embroidered. Some of these are shaped like a long, double cape, but the newest and most liked are of the Mother Hubbard style, with the straight breadths sheared into the yoke, and the long sleeves shirred at the wrist. The prettiest caps for babies are those of the closely-fitting cottage shape, which are made of embroidery that is done in an open pattern, representing wheels of stars that resemble the designs in open braid laces. Bows of satin ribbon are added at the top and at the back. The pretty French caps are as popular as ever and are worn by both girls and boys. There are comfortable-looking crocheted jackets of white, pale blue or pink zephyr in pretty designs, with a border in shell pattern. Dainty little hoods of worsted with silk netting over them are also provided for their comfort, and little soft socks of zephyr or silk are in colors to match their sacques or hoods. To complete the baby's outfit is a leather case lined with bright satin, containing a hair brush, comb, powder box, a rattle and a ring for cutting the teeth, all of celluloid.

The first short dresses worn are of nainsook, with high neck and long sleeves. These can be made from the long dresses used by the child previously as long dresses. Sashes are entirely out of fashion for babies; the dresses are loose and unconfined. At the age of two years the guimpe and Mother Hubbard and English princess dresses, made of colored material, are worn, and white is only used for best dresses or special occasions. For the summer, percales, chambreys, lawns, Scotch ginghams in delicate shades, plain Turkey red cottons and neat figured satteens, are worn with white muslin guimpes. This may be a separate high-necked waist, gathered to a belt, with long sleeves made of muslin, tucked and embroidered, or else the yoke and long sleeves may be permanently attached to the colored material. The little slips can be given this effect by putting a puff over the arm at the shoulder, and by edging the yoke with embroidery. The guimpes of fine embroidery are pretty with dresses of buff, pink, cream color or baby blue cashmere. The guimpes of embroidered muslin or nainsook are suitable for the cotton goods, such as chambrey, batiste, Scotch gingham and linen lawns. White muslin slips can be utilized as guimpe and petticoat, over which these low necked dresses of cashmere or muslin can be worn. A look of scantiness should always be avoided in young children's dresses. For rough country wear dresses of flannel have simulated guimpes of the same. For little girls just in short dresses, there are small yokes with lace plaited inside. A very pretty wrap for these little ones for the spring is a half length straight sacque of red, garnet or electric blue cloth, with white braid in rows on the edges, and large white pearl buttons. There are other long coats that cover the entire dress, and are made of flannel or cloth and have box plaits below the waist. With these coats large collars of white embroidery, braid lace or grenadine are worn.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Cultivation of Currants.

The currant has always been a universal favorite, not so much, perhaps, because of the real nature of the fruit as because of the extreme hardiness of the bush, which hitherto has withstood a good deal of neglect, with little or no attention. After once planting them in some remote corner of the garden, or under the fence, they are left severely alone. But with the currant, as with other things, as soon as they become scarce, the demand for them will increase; and better prices rule. My plan of cultivation—which I do not claim as the best, but which has always succeeded with me—is simply this: As soon as the leaves are off the bushes in the fall, I go through them with a sharp knife and trim out the old branches, and any of the new that show signs of borer, and cut back all new shoots one-third. I then rake up all the wood that has been cut out, and burn it to make sure of destroying all insects that might cling thereto. This done, I work in deep—usually with the spade—three or four shovelfuls of good, well-rotted barn manure around each bush, to the space of about three feet; the ground between the rows is now either plowed or spaded, and the whole given a liberal top dressing of light manure, and the work is done for the winter.

As soon as the first worms appear in the Spring—which is early—I take a heaping tablespoonful of powdered white hellebore, and thoroughly wet it with boiling water—a quart or so. I now turn this to a pail of clean cold water, stirring constantly all the while, till every particle of the powder is well mixed. It is ready now for application to the bushes, which is done with a large watering pot, taking great care to thoroughly sprinkle every bush; repeat this as often as the worms reappear. Usually two applicatfons, one early in the Spring, and the other just before the fruit ripens, are sufficient to keep down the worms. Keep the ground around them mellow and free from weeds, and if at any time through the summer a branch is seen to wilt, it is immediately cut away and burned, as such is the "sign of the borer."

Following this method of cultivation, I have never lost a bush or had a poor crop of fruit. And I bespeak the same success to any who will take the same trouble for the sake of this delicious fruit. It will pay.—*Practical Farmer.*

Trimming Apple Trees.

Those who did not finish trimming their apple trees before Christmas, have had but little opportunity to do it since; the rough cold weather of the last half of December and most of January, has driven the orchardist into business that would keep him warmer, than would the work of trimming trees. Sometimes there are pleasant days in February in which this work can be comfortably done; when there are they sould be improved, because if the work be left until March, the sap begins to start, so that when a large limb is cut off, it is kept so wet by the running sap, that it is difficult to cover the wound with anything that will stick, thus leaving it exposed to the changes of the weather until the leaves begin to open; then it could be covered, but as a rule, if not done when the limb is cut off, it is neglected until decay commences, when it is too late to prevent serious injury.

While it is no doubt best to cut off all large limbs from fruit trees at a season when the sap will not flow from the wound, there is no doubt that a tree can be trimmed at any season, without serious injury, if particular efforts be made to cover the wounds with some waterproof material, as soon as the season arrives when it can be made to adhere to the wood. It would be better to trim at the most unfavorable season, if good care be taken to cover the large wounds, than to trim at the most favorable season, and neglect to protect the wounds made by cutting off large limbs.

To trim trees well, requires both patience and skill, especially when it becomes necessary to cut off large limbs. To saw them off and let them split down when two thirds cut off, is to make a wound that will require years to heal, if ever it does. When a large limb is to be cut off, it should first be cut or sawed from the under side, thus preventing it from splitting. When the limb is off, sufficient time should be spent to smooth off the wound with a sharp paring chisel, so that when the wound begins to heal the new wood will begin at once to cover it; but if it is not pared off, it will take years for the new wood to grow up to the edge of the wound.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

—The first man a convict sentenced from Texarkana, Tex., met when he arrived at the Penitentiary was the person he had helped to send there while on a jury at the previous term of court.

A Hong Kong Cat.

A remarkable cat story is told by Captain Howland, commander of the American ship Red Cross, which is now lying at the east side. The Captain states that two years ago his ship was lying at a wharf at Hong Kong taking in a cargo, when a red cat made its appearance, and finally jumped on board the vessel. It made its appearance at intervals for several days, when at last the ship, having finished loading, left the port, the cat going with her. During the voyage she was rarely seen, and it was a mystery to the crew what she found to subsist on, as it was not presumed there were many rats or mice aboard. When she did come around, however, all hands would spare no pains in providing her with food. She would then mysteriously disappear, and at times four weeks or more would elapse ere she would show her handsome form on deck.

This was kept up for nearly two years, when all hands complained that they had not seen her for a very long time, and but for her previous lengthy disappearances, fears would have been entertained for her safety. Time wore along, however, and still there were no signs of puss, so she was given up as lost. A few weeks ago the Red Cross arrived at Astoria and commenced discharging her cargo. By this time the existence of the poor cat had slipped the memory of nearly all on board, and when even thought of by her most ardent admirers it was as an incidence of the past. During the process of unloading, however, the body of the unfortunate pet was found, wedged in between two heavy pieces of iron, which had rolled together while the ship was tossing about in a rough sea. After officers and crew had taken a last look she was consigned to a watery grave. As a matter of course this was considered the last of the Hong Kong feline, but in this they were very much mistaken, as the conclusion will prove. In a few days the Red Cross came from Astoria and made fast near where the bark Carrie Winslow was lying. In conversation with Captain Barrett, of the Carrie Winslow, Captain Howland told him about the red cat, which it may be well to state was of a very peculiar color, and when once seen would not be forgotten. After the Red Cross had been in this port a few days the cat made its appearance on the Carrie Winslow, this time in a half starved condition. Captain Barrett saw her, and from Captain Howland's description was sure it was the same one, which proved to be the case. The latter had stated that the cat was a good mouser, so Captain Barrett thought he would keep her on board his bark, supposing that Captain Howland had been mistaken in thinking that she had been thrown overboard while at Astoria.

Miss Puss was very dainty while aboard the Winslow, refusing everything but milk to eat, but the captain and mate would gladly furnish this in order to keep her. One day Captain Barrett went into his stateroom and found the cat on his bed. This was too much for the captain, and thinking he had had enough of her company, picked the cat up by the tail and threw her into the river, the skin and hair leaving the tail and remaining in the captain's hand.

About a week ago, it will be remembered, the Carrie Winslow, having secured a charter, left Eastport, for Westport, where she is loading lumber for the river Platte, South America. The work of loading was progressing finely, when a few days ago the same cat was seen running rapidly across the middle deck, with its hairless tail sticking up straight. She was first seen by the second mate, who rushed up and reported the fact to Captain Barrett. The captain told him he was mistaken, but it was not long before she was again seen, and the captain is positive it is the same one, the color being peculiar, while the bare tail adds additional weight to the matter.

She is now seen very often on the bark at Westport, and the mate told Captain Barrett that some disposition will have to be made of her, or he will not go to sea on that vessel. Captain Morrison, of the Indiana, who knows the others well, informed the reporter that there is not the least doubt in his mind as to the truthfulness of the story, and it is a very strange cat, to say the least. No doubt it is one with "nine lives."—*Portland News.*

One Widow's Great Woe.

There is nothing remarkable about her. She is a shriveled, pinched little widow, whose thin, rusty black garments and faded veil of crape have withstood the storms and sunshine of the six years that have passed by since she put on mourning for her lost husband. He had been a generous, dashing sailor, who spent his little earnings to make his family comfortable, and when he went down at sea she dropped all her old luxurious ways and went forth to earn a living for the two little girls that were left to her. By going out to nurse the sick and by taking in sewing when not otherwise employed, she managed to keep the children with her, and last fall, when the younger one began to go to school and brought home little words of praise and encouragement from her teacher, there was not a happier mother in Boston than the one who occupied the modest tenement on Northampton street. Work and the responsibility of supporting her children respectably had dulled her great sorrow, and the desire to rear them to honest womanhood was something to keep up her flagging spirits and cause hope to spring and grow from what had at one time seemed the depths of despair. Merry Christmas was not celebrated with more joyfulness anywhere than in this little family; the turkey was small and the dolls were inexpensive, but they were as much to these two children and their hearts were as grateful for the gifts as though the treasures of Aladdin had been shovered upon them. It was the last Christmas they were ever destined to see. On New Year's day the eldest—she of the curly hair and eyes that were black and merry, like her father's—died of scarlatina, and in one week from her death the other one, who was so tall and demure, and who looked like a little woman in spite of her infantile years, was laid beside her sister in Forest Hills.

The widowed mother went through it all, watched at their sides by night and day, saw them toss and moan in delirium, gave them soothing medicines, smoothed their feverish pillows, ever whispering words of comfort and cheer, and when all hope was gone still held their pallid hands and closed their sightless eyes without a tear. On the day after the last one was buried she bought two simple bouquets of pinks and ferns, and taking them to the cemetery placed them on the graves of her "babies," as she was in the habit of calling them. The following day her pilgrimage was repeated, and the next and the next and the next. Her habits were so regular that no matter how cold or how warm it was or how many stayed at home on account of the weather, the conductors of the Egleston Square line of horse-cars felt sure of having at least one passenger every day. These visits were made early in the forenoon, and after she had finished this duty she would wander around on the various streets of the Highlands, looking at the children as they romped and played, and asking every one she met if they had seen anything of her babies. After removing the old bouquets and replacing them with fresh ones, she would make a circuit of the burying-place and then walk down Washington street as far as Dudley street. Then instead of going home she would turn up Warren street to Grove Hall and return by the way of Blue Hill avenue, peering anxiously into the face of every little girl she saw, and asking her if she had seen her Hattie and Mamie. "My Mamie had hair like yours," she said to a child in Winthrop street, curling her tresses fondly on her fingers and matching them with a lock which she held in her hand; "but hers was nicer than yours; see, it is as fine and yellow as threads of gold. I have lost her somewhere she and my other baby went away a week ago and more, and I want them to come home. You looked like her when I first saw you: but your eyes are not so bright, nor your hair so fine. I don't want to trouble you any, but if you see my babies anywhere will you tell them that their mother is at home waiting for them? Their books are on the stand, and their supper is growing cold; tell them to come at once, for I know they will catch cold. Thank you, dear, I know you will not break a poor mother's heart." And, kissing the surprised child, she went on as earnest as ever in her fruitless search.

When the City of Columbus disaster occurred she appeared deeply affected, and followed the newspaper accounts of its horors with an interest that seemed strange for a person who had no friends among the passengers or crew. In addition to her usual perambulation of streets and daily visits to the cemetery she called at all the undertakers' rooms and at the morgue on Grove street, asking if they had found the body of her husband.

"I know he is dead," she would say, "but I want to see his face and know that he has a decent burial. If my babies only knew that their papa was dead, they would come home and comfort their poor mother and never run away again."

It was after the disaster that she began to buy three floral offerings and take them to Forest Hills instead of the two she had been wont to carry, and, although she never gave any explanation for her conduct, everybody knew that the extra bouquet was for her husband, whose loss at sea six years ago this last disaster had newly impressed upon her shattered intellect, causing her to believe him among those who were on the City of Columbus.

When she began to meander the streets, looking in at the school houses and questioning the girls she met in her mild, earnest manner, residents along her route were afraid of her, and some talk was made of having her arrested and sent away for insanity; but when the story of her sorrows became known this idea was at once abandoned, and those who were most suspicious are now her pitying friends and vie with one another in deeds of kindness to her who is so anxiously searching for those she will never find.—*Boston Globe.*

Matrimonial Collisions.

The collision of husband and wife is so frequent as to have a literature to itself. In this case the man, though he suffers also, suffers much the least. He can, if he is severely disappointed, get mentally away; he can form new friendships, he can harden himself until he is more or less apathetic, he can put affection, which makes the true string of such unions, away from him, and so, with his coolness restored, can go on and find life endurable. He is free to strive, though the striving is useless. The woman—we are speaking throughout of the good—can not get away, either from the house, or, what is more important, from hers If, can not strive without loss of self-respect, can not enfranchise herself from her own sense of right, her own necessity to herself of concealing her disappointment from her own heart. She can not be quietly discontented, or coolly disappointed, or patiently callous. The condition is imperative and she must suffer daily, hourly, perhaps through life, from a cause which even a mental change, possible to be made if duty did not forbid, would either remove or, at least, diminish to much smaller proportions. A woman so situated can not be either serene or genuinely happy, can at best be resigned, feeling all the while how harsh destiny is, yet how irresistible, because it exerts its force not from outside, but straight on her own heart. "I must bear," says the husband to himself, and he bears; "I ought to cure it," says the wife, and it is incurable. The pain in the one case is disappointment, the pain in the other that of contention with the inexorable, which yet you know it is your duty not to contend with. Patience is usually the medicine; but Griselda, whatever else she may be, is not serene, and Griselda is but a fairy tale.—*London Spectator.*

—A decided sensation was created at a masked ball in Stamford, Conn., the other night, when "Oscar Wilde" and "Uncle Sam," on unmasking and saluting their white lady partners, were found to be "Professor" Dudley, a coal-black boot lack with Judish proclivities, and Henry Carpenter, another negro equal to the emergency. The "lark" of the negroes was undertaken in revenge for some disparaging remarks to which they took exception.—*Hartford Post.*

Our Young Folks.

FINDING OUT THE WORLD.

You come to me, my little lad and lassie,
With eager, questioning looks.
To tell you something new, some curious story,
You can not find in books.

And you are eight and eleven, nowise troubled
With wrinkles or gray hair:
And you have balls and dolls and games a dozen,
Plenty to eat and wear.

And you have books with gayly painted pictures
Of kings and queens and slaves,
With stories of good people, wise and tender,
And tales of wicked knaves.

And you can read of—oh! so many countries
Beyond so many seas,
Of unknown people and their curious customs,
Of foreign fruits and trees;

Of famous battles fought by land and water,
Of ladies and brave knights,
Gay palace festivals with all the splendor
Of tossing plumes and lights;

And still you ask, my little boy and maiden,
For something new and strange,
All your young thoughts and eager fancies reaching
About the world for change.

Something you can not find in books or story?
Something you think I keep
Hidden away, to talk of and dream over,
When you are well asleep,

Hunting for fairies in some moon-touched forest,
With these same troubled eyes
That lift to me, by day, their eager pleading
For some new, sweet surprise.

And so you find in all your nursery legends
The things of every day
Changed just a little?—all the world's new people
Are going the old way.

And, too, you find that man to man is brother?
That heart to heart is bound?
That all things answer, each unto another?
And that the earth is round?

To all the centuries, little boy and maiden,
You hold the thread and clew.
Beat lower, little hearts, and cease your questions,
I know of nothing new.

—*Julie G. Marsh, in Wide Awake.*

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

"Grandpa," said Irwin, as they were sitting by the open grate one winter evening, "grandpa, will you please to tell me about the 'Seven Wonders of the World?' Our teacher told us to-day that we ought to know all about them."

"Perhaps you had better ask your brother Fred, who has just left college, to tell you about them."

"He don't know, grandpa, for I did ask him, and he said such an inquisitive boy as I am was one of the biggest wonders that he knew anything about."

"Well, one of the ancient 'wonders' was the Hanging Gardens at Babylon."

"Did they hang in the air like the Brooklyn Bridge?" inquired Irwin.

"Oh, no; they were connected with the royal palace, and were about four hundred feet square at the bottom, being supported on several tiers of open arches, built one over the other, and the top, which was about seventy-five feet high, was covered with a large mass of earth from which grew flowers, shrubs, and even large trees."

"How did the people water the gardens?" inquired Irwin.

"There were fountains and a large reservoir on the top, supplied with water from the river Euphrates. This river ran through the city of Babylon, and the two portions of the city were connected by a stone bridge. The high gates and broad walls of Babylon are mentioned in the Bible, and the walls were noted for their height, thickness and strength."

"What was another of the wonders, grandpa?"

"Well, the Pharos at Alexandria was the first light-bearing tower that we have any record of. It was built of white stone, and stood upon a craggy rock on the island of Pharos, near Alexandria, in Egypt. It was three hundred feet high, and its light could be seen for many miles. Josephus states that its 'beaming summit' might be seen for 'three hundred stadea,' or forty English miles."

"Who built the Pharos?"

"It was twelve years in building. Sostratus was the artisan, and he immortalized his name by inscribing it upon the Pharos; but it was erected under the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, B. C. 332, the same King who commanded the Septuagint or Old Testament to be undertaken in the Hellenic versions. The Pharos, or light-house, was illuminated by huge wood fires. Before this time mariners were warned at night of their approach to land by coal or wood fires that were built on prominent headlands."

"Well, grandpa, what was the next of the wonders?"

"The Olympian Zeus, or the colossal statue of Jupiter at Olympia, which was the last great work of Phidias. It was a seated statue, made of ivory and gold, and, including the throne, it was fifty-five feet in height. Its temple was built on the model of the Parthenon at Athens. Jupiter was considered the king and father of the gods, and supposed to have universal power in the earth and air. He gave the rain, the thunder and lightning, and the storm and the calm were supposed to be under his control. This statue was erected between B. C. 438 and 432, and in A. D. 361 it continued to receive the homage of Greece. Epictetus says that 'it was considered a misfortune for any one to die without having seen this masterpiece of Phidias.'

"The worship of Jupiter was universal, though his name varied with the country that sacrificed to him. You perhaps remember that when Paul went to Lystra he found a temple of Jupiter before that city. Jupiter was generally represented as seated on a throne holding thunderbolts in his raised hand, a scepter in the other, with an eagle at his feet.

"Irwin, do you remember that when Paul was in Ephesus a riot was created by Demetrius among the craftsmen?"

"Yes, grandpa, he was afraid the people would belief Paul's words, and then his trade of making silver shrines would be gone."

"And what did they cry?"

"The mob cried 'great is Diana of the Ephesians.'"

"Yes, the Temple of Diana was built at the common charge of all the Asiatic States. It was four hundred and twenty-five feet long, two hundred and twenty-five feet broad, and was supported by one hundred and twenty-seven columns of Parian marble; each column was sixty feet high and each furnished by a different King. This temple was burned on the night of Alexander's nativity, and was then rebuilt. Diana was believed to have fallen down from Heaven, and the public games were connected with her worship. Especially was the month of May sacred to her, and a large manufactory grew up at Ephesus of portable shrines of Diana, which were sold to strangers and carried with them on journeys or set up to worship in their houses."

"You have now told me about four of the wonders," grandpa, "and if you are not too tired I would like to hear about the rest of them."

"I am only too glad to see you interested in your studies, and will now speak of the Colossus of Rhodes. This was a gigantic statue of Apollo or the the sun-god. It rested on moles on each side of the beautiful harbor of Rhodes, and vessels passed between its brazen legs. It was over one hundred feet in height, and there were winding stairs by which it was ascended. The statue held in one hand a light for the direction of mariners, and it was completed two hundred and eighty years before Christ. It was thrown down, presumably by an earthquake, and never rebuilt; but fragments of the statue remained for nine hundred years. At length a Jewish merchant bought the brass and loaded nine hundred camels with it.

"The value of the brass was estimated at $150,000. At the present time the harbor of Rhodes is nearly spoiled, and the island has many times suffered from earthquakes.

"Do you know, my son, what the word mausoleum came from?"

"I don't know that I do," replied Irwin.

"Well, Mausolus was king of Caria, and, after his death, his widow, Artemisia, erected a magnicent tomb to his memory. Indeed, it was so wonderful and surpassed all other structures so much in its appearance and grandeur, that the name Mausoleum came to be the generic term for a costly tomb. It remained standing for a number of centuries, and then was destroyed by an earthquake. In 1404 the Knights of Rhodes built a castle from fragments of the mausoleum, and as late as 1856 Mr. Newton, under the auspices of the English Government, found the site of the ancient tomb, and the fundamental outlines of the building. According to tradition, Artemisia mingled the ashes of Mausolus with her wine, and died of grief."

"There is but one more wonder, grandpa, to tell me about, and I know that must be the Pyramids, for our teacher said they were the most marvelous of the 'Seven Wonders,' and you have not spoken of them yet."

"Yes, you are right. The Pyramids required the labor of thousands of men for many years. It is supposed that they were the sepulchres of the Kings. They are in several groups, some distance from each other, on the banks of the Nile. There are about forty of them, many being small and in a ruined condition. The great Pyramid of Gizeh, or Jeezeh, is four hundred and fifty feet high, and covers an area of thirteen acres. Some of the huge stones weigh sixteen hundred tons each, and were dragged hundreds of miles from the quarry. It is estimated that it would take two thousand men three years to bring one of these stones to the Pyramid, and it must have required much mechanical knowledge and great power to lift such enormous stones to their places in the Pyramid.

"These stones rise step-like above each other, and are rather hard to climb, but with the assistance of two or three Arabs many travelers climb to the top of the Gizeh Pyramid. A few days ago I heard a minister say that, as he stood on its topmost stone with his companions, they sung the old Doxology, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' and he never felt so much like singing it 'in spirit and truth' as when standing there."

"I wish I could see some of the wonders of the world," said Irwin.

"My son, do not think because you have not traveled far from home that you have never seen anything wonderful. The 'seven wonders of the world' were the work of men's hands; but you can not look out upon this beautiful world, or up to the sun, moon and stars, without seeing works which are far grander than anything which man has ever made."

"I have always seen these things, grandpa, and they do not seem so very wonderful."

"True, but could you and I look out to-night for the first time at the full moon, which is shining so brightly, and at the many stars that sparkle in the clear sky, we could but fall down in adoration of the Maker of them, and say with the Psalmist: 'When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained: what is man that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that Thou visiteth him?'"—*N. Y. Observer.*

—Sandy Hook, it is said, is fast being washed away by the waves. With each recurring winter the water makes further inroads, and the last heavy surf cut a deep channel in toward the fort wall, undermined the concrete jetties built last summer and washed away the fog signal station building.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—During a recent performance in a Chiuese theater at San Francisco, Cal., the two leading stars became engaged in a terrific fight, which lasted for nearly half an hour. No one was seriously hurt, and the audience enjoyed the performance hugely.

—Frank Aldrich, of Moscop, Conn., owned an old mill which stood in the center of the village, and which he refused to move, although it was in decay. The citizens finally blew it up with dynamite.—*Hartford Post.*

—There are in the cities of San Francisco and Oakland fifty-one labor unions and twelve local Knights of Labor societies.—*San Fradcisco Call.*

—Nelson Myrick, of Lyons, N. Y., spent $120,000 for drink at two drinks for a quarter, and is now in charge of a conservator.